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Cyeneia approached the crimson sunrise, a shadow, all alone.

The morning woke in vibrance of red and ginger illumination. As the Sun began to peer over Cathedral Rock, she noticed a massive silhouette flying before the light. It encircled its own flight three revolutions before slowly waning into the Fire's massive circle.

"...three before the light and rising, seed of Fire, birthing, dawning, cause my sight, my will to open, here, allow this energy in..." Cyeneia whispered as she began to breathe in parallel circularity. Suddenly, a flash of silver light sparked through her vision just as a tepid breeze ran through her path, upon which fluttered seven butterflies reflecting each other in dance and tonality. The silver light streamlined from her pupils, integrating with the setting moon as her eyes saw through the light now.

Though silent, Cyeneia could hear the butterflies' thoughts bouncing off each other in waves of playful sincerity, causing great balance, this path, in every waking step, their wings as eyes, Seeing. Cyeneia questioned them as they floated gently into her, "balance, is...?"

...and echoing quietly, the sister butterflies sang slowly into Cyeneia a soothing vibrational harmony that seemed to impart between all dimension, "balance is...that...balance is...that...balance is..." until the last of the seven saw this song into her.

Ever since Cyeneia could remember, mysterious fluidity happened upon her path regardless of where she might be. So throughout her many interactions with these forces, whose creativity and appearances never seemed to tire their bewilderment, Cyeneia learned a great fluidity. For she knew that there was no greater depth than this knowledge...like experiencing the flow of a tide...before there was ocean.

As Cyeneia's breathing evolved, she began to pulsate in ambiguity, as though her path were emerging from the wings of a hummingbird and voicing great depth, chanting like a Gyuto monk.

Within every third cycle of her breathing, she grew another year in maturity. As she matured, great waves of life flowed through her like time had finally found her and let her go. In every year did she see her life and emotions and reactions evolve. With every age did she see a lifetime acquired, accomplished, fulfilled and released. Within the lucidity of it all, greater thoughts of the world began to emerge...

"Since the beginning of this existence, this world has been virtually dominated by males, who mostly only understood that to solve conflict is to create conflict..." Transparent memories began floating through her.

“Although there are men,” she spoke softly, “who exist within the balance of integrity and honesty,” an image of her father soared through, followed by her grandfather, “it seems the multitude of the lot feed off each others’ testosterone to simply become clones of each others’ personalities,” as though it were a scientific formula gone terribly wrong.

As Cyeneia continued growing into her Self, she noticed a gradual shift throughout the memories, as though the balance of polarity within every being on Earth were switching roles...very subtle at first; the voice of women in the artistic world started to become a definitive clarity of vision, without question; women were beginning to be recognized into official positions across the world, with great respect, and the first woman was elected President of the United Nations, whose role had finally become present in every tribe and nation. The female fluidity of intuition had finally been recognized as the greatest of necessities to the furthering of conscious existence for all.

Cyeneia’s memories lapsed through her like ghosts.

Men and women had somehow, to a great degree, switched roles on Earth. Man became provider of the nest, much like the days of old when man used strength for sustenance, and Woman used intuitive nature as guidance for the young. Although this strength, because it had been suppressed for millennia, had now developed within both men and women. The female insight was now shining forth in most of the population as an integrated, conscious allowance, as the hundredth monkey washed the sand.

Time had lapsed three thousand years for Cyeneia; twenty one lifetimes from birth to presence. Earth had seen a final revolutionary war between the hybrids and the humans; all being caused by the influential allowance of Truth Knowledge through the perceptual intuitive enlightenment of all species on Earth. This, of course, gained by the massive overhaul of consciousness as magnified through the allowance of the intuitive fertility of natural energy. Naturally, someone had a problem with this knowledge.

Of course, suddenly learning that a third of the world carries DNA from Mars and two thirds of the world does not, would realistically cause some sort of rift in the conversational pieces around the campfire. It did not. It merely caused a massive, underground, seemingly invisible revolutionary war of all minds, catapulting life’s consciousness on this planet far beyond all comprehensive expectation.

The Path became brighter and brighter as morning began to open the eyes of wandering creatures. A jack rabbit hopped swiftly behind Cyeneia as she curved around a sharp bend. A small stream off the river held the attention of three fawns, and a Tarantula crept at a turtle’s pace up the edge of a bloodred sandstone.

Cyeneia held the back of her hand to the spider and the spider stopped.

“My friend, we share marks,” Cyeneia whispered.

The Tarantula crept on to her hand quite gently, resting in the exact formation the markings on her hand held; a parallel. (this is what Cyeneia calls spiderbacks: freckled, constellational formations that appear in as many variations as there are stars in the sky, anywhere on her body, to allow a projectable vision through a parallel object or lifeform(s.)

The many eyes within the eyes of the spider began to glow and illuminate before the bloodstone. Suddenly, a small vortex within the stone melted into a swirling sphere of red light. Faint signs of desert and river appeared combating heat and ice, inflaming a paradox of imagery. Flashes of symbol and numerical communication reflected off Cyeneia’s learning eyes as the spider rested softly on her hand and projected.

“Tetrahedron! One~Three! Aurorae Sinu~Water! Waves of light! Energy! Magnifica~”

Coyote howled into the midmorning wake, signaling the moment beyond this. Cyeneia regained her composure, speaking the waking verse silently, “knowledge here may rest in silence,” and the small vortex swiftly metamorphosed back to stone. Cyeneia held the Tarantula up to her face and studied her many eyes closely, imagining what she Sees, seeing what she imagines. The spider’s leg reached out to Cyeneia’s nose quite slowly, and softly greeted her.

“Thank you my friend,” and allowed the spider’s way back up the sharpened edge of the bloodstone.

Cyeneia picked up a small river rock and started walking up the path as she began debating with herself the polarity shift of dominance, “although life appears balanced for most everyone, it is quite imbalanced. Women have not become what men once were, nor should we seek a comparative light as such authority...” she paused looking out across the massive empty desert.

“Men have long been the cause, or so it appears, for so much pointless destruction and death.” The landscape’s phallic vortices seemed to rise in every direction.

Cyeneia put her hand to her solar plexus, looked over to a small hillside, and noticed a young fawn feeding far beyond the river (who just as quickly noticed her.)

“There is a profound and unique strength projected from female energy,” Cyeneia stepped next to a hollow, beneath a shading stone, as a familiar rattle shook her awareness. She continued walking, smiling at the slithering rock dweller.

“...and yet this humanity is still well on their way down a coiled path of paradox. Nature will eventually find Her way to balance...of course, yes, of course,” Cyeneia began to laugh, then stopped walking and looked down at the stone in her hand.

“...but for all of us to evolve, “ she threw the stone into the center of the river, “our cycles must be broken,” and the river’s reflection became an infinite, inflecting spiral, spinning energy all the way to the core of Earth.

“Shattered...to heal,” Cyeneia blinked, the spiral disappeared, and circular waves reflected the Sun’s projection on the surface of the water as Raven flew across the river’s surface speaking a Raven’s conversation with his own reflection to the Sun. Cyeneia cupped her hands and took a drink of water from the river as Raven flew into her reflective light beyond the Skywater’s reflection.

Cyeneia had reached her waking age. Her memories had faded into the distant landscape, and she stood before a great valley as the shade of Bell Rock began to subside in the midday heat.

Cyeneia stood just shy of two meters, with eyes of blazing hazel. She was most assuredly a hybrid, Earth and Mars ran through her veins, like so many others of her generation. Her iris was a melting desert of oceanic reflection. Cyeneia’s hair was that of Terra preta with a tinge of blue as sun reflected, a shimmer of red when moon projected, eyebrows sharp and always thinking, chiseled into the subtlety of otherworldly beauty; her face, a radiance of wisdom, shining. Her clothing was formfit, well knit, and heat resistant synthetic. To the skin was it every inch a breathing part of her body, that she may move Between, and Know, and See.

The Path, now broad and filled with many creatures’ steps, Cyeneia’s complexity of comprehension had gained great perspective. What was once only a cloud, now fascinated her sight into what may be, as the changes of the wind do impart our conscious path, fertility as knowledge. What was once just a river, now reminds Cyeneia of every boundary, overcome with great patience, that the mystery may continue. What was once just a stone, now embodied capability, as energy, projectable, or held, as

continuity.

Cyeneia had accumulated many spiderbacks that seemed to morph at will as she moved throughout The Path. She looked down to her hand as they disappeared. She thought to herself how odd and interesting these formations were. They appeared like dark orbs of light, yet resembled freckles, although the formations always depicted a map of sorts, she had seen them all as constellations before. As Cyeneia learned of each purpose, they became her guidance on The Path.

Cyeneia carried a staff of crystallized wood, double terminated. It rests Between Understanding, a place only the individual knows. When needed, Cyeneia would allow through Between Understanding to The Path, along with any number of tools. The staff had two names and two influences, both of The Sun. One side Pollux, one side Arcturus, together known as Blue. Blue stood exactly two meters. The staff held great magnificational power, and was in tune with only Cyeneia. The mighty crystal spiraled from point to point a glowing blue hue. In the center, soft bound, black oil hemp encircled where Cyeneia held. With every subtle movement did energy allow her great balance, and greater depth.

As the tranquility of day began to warm, Cyeneia noticed a man emerging from the next rise. At the same moment, the man looked up to see Cyeneia just as a Red Tail Hawk flew between their field of vision, merging their sights upon Hawk's flight. A soft wave of energy rippled through them both as they each felt a subtle rush. The hawk peered at the man and then over to Cyeneia, letting off a screeching 'YES!' Cyeneia looked back, and raising her eyes to the soaring entity she gazed into his still, dark sight, letting out a breath of air as time slowed, "Haaaaahwkhhhh..." faded softly from her senses.

The man was very tall, even taller than Cyeneia. He appeared to be of a local tribe, Hopi she thought, and then she noticed a tattoo engraved upon his right shoulder of a star constellation..."Orion City..." she whispered.

He wore a long sheen of black hair that brushed across the ridge of his naked shoulder. Studying the man closely, Cyeneia realized that he moved like the river moves, flowing through variant space, as obstacle may or may not approach.

The man then shared Cyeneia's gaze...and all time stopped.

The world was motionless and silent except for Cyeneia's breath circling the breeze. Then, quite slowly, the wind subsided, stretching her breath into the sky, and leaving a lonely strand of hair crossing the Orion man's left eye, the Sun glowing through. For a thousand years in one moment did it seem the man embraced Cyeneia's eyes...and she perceived all the sensuality as sincerity, the gracious recognition and respect that this man had of her. She began to hear a whisper, "...aurorae..." quite faint, beyond where he stood...first slowly, then like a whirlwind did this whisper shift to vortex, and the world surrounding the two being's synergy began to twist in a great dance of spiraling energy. Both the Orion man and Cyeneia's eyes began to shine like the blue sky. The sand, the dirt, the stones, the trees, they all began to merge into one shimmering force of light, all surrounding their eyes as an intermingling perception. Every sense was magnified, every comprehension defined, the fluidity of The Energy of All that Is, allowed.

Cyeneia then realized she had stopped breathing. She let out an echoing breath, reestablished focus on The Path, and her breathing began circulating again like second nature. Instantly, the landscape returned to its natural habitat, and she quickly regained composure from their heated exchange. She, as well, noticed a slight redness to the man's face, and wondered for a moment about the vortex.

As the man approached ever closer, Cyeneia noticed a small spiral beneath his left eye, identifying him as a Kaethyr, a being of balance, whose existent purpose was to open and clear energy channels. She thought to herself how perfect the moment was now, and how perfect it had been, and so forward, what it was meant to be.

Cyeneia could see the spiral's residual fluctuation upon his Azurian eyes, and for a moment, she wandered over to him as a projection, in curiosity of his next intention. As she strolled ever closer, Cyeneia's projection soared beyond his ground, and wandered above his wondrous eyes, glowing blue and gazing at her own beyond him. She danced around his walk like a butterfly, allowing balanced frequencies upon all his energy points. The Kaethyr looked over towards Cyeneia's projection, and instantly, Cyeneia appeared where her projection had been seen by the Kaethyr.

"Good morning dear, all clear," the man charmed as Cyeneia materialized before him, in stride.

...and without a break of step or path, she glanced deep into his soul and replied softly,

"Thank you Kaethyr," trailing light energy behind her, fading.

As she began to walk over the small hill to the plateau, the Orion Kaethyr spoke again,

"I hope you find him."

Cyeneia looked back, and the Kaethyr was gone.

Cyeneia reached the top of Bell's vortex, looked across the gleaming landscape, and took her first breath of the spiral. The plateau was vividly clear of all imbalanced energy. As she inhaled the energy, her entire being, from soul to vessel, became vitalized in a concentrated magnification of Ethereal light. Her circulating breath was completely in tune with the frequency; as such, Cyeneia's entire being was ready for travel. Cyeneia reached Between Understanding for Blue. The staff began humming a very low frequency, and the immediate earth began to quiver. Sun immediately magnified a circulating solar flare all around the plateau. Cyeneia spun the staff one rotation, reverberating a greater depth frequency hum of bass across the landscape as she found the center of the vortex. The mesa was a complete circle. The sky began to turn from blue to red as all the clouds metamorphosed into light. The many creatures that had been walking about were suddenly encircling the vortex and drawing invisibility from within. Cyeneia looked around the surface of the landing. In five wedges along the edge of the circle did rest a sharpened bloodstone about six meters tall. Between each two bloodstones did a smaller spherical labradorite stone reside. She took the staff in both hands, and raised her arms to the Sun, which was shining blue now. The crystalline interior of the staff began to magnify the Sun's great energy, and Cyeneia began to spin the staff in rotation as she circled the vortex from edge to center. With every cycle, the humming got stronger and deeper. The five stones began to shake their dust off, and a red glow began to gleam from within these stones. The transparent animal figures encircling the vortex began emitting a magnificent, saphiric blue light. As Cyeneia spun Blue, energy fluctuations began to emerge from each blue labradorite stone. All these energies were focused through the circle, and the red of the five began to shroud the outer edge of the circle from exterior light. Cyeneia's spiderbacks were shifting and dancing all throughout her body; Pleiades, Cassiopeia, Corvus, Orion! A Star Tetrahedron began to form from the energy upon the surface of the plateau as Cyeneia began to chant quite passionately, "Aurorae through into Aurorae," and with each chant, the intensity of the circle pulsated further into Earth, the Star Tetrahedron going deeper within the soil, subsequently magnifying back through the plateau with greater intensity, shining blue to red, "Through into Aurorae!" Cyeneia spun Blue faster, and as the humming began vibrating her immediate world, the Star Tetrahedron generated a magnification into Cyeneia's heart; Cyeneia saw into her own heart this Star Tetrahedron projecting from her own source throughout her entire existence, "Through Into Aurorae!" The spiderbacks now

formed thousands of constellations across Cyeneia's skin. She felt as though this world and another were now speaking through her. Visions of beneath the Earth, beneath the desert, beneath the ice of other worlds, began fluidly emerging through Cyeneia's perceptibility. The plateau began spinning to shine explicitly as this Star Tetrahedron energy, and this compass of all realities became a rushing force of power, magnifying Cyeneia's entire body and Blue into entire light, "Through into AURORAE!" and the Star Tetrahedron began to spin, encompassing Cyeneia, "THROUGH INTO AURORAE!!" she vibrated, and the world began to metamorphose to a different land, a same land, a spiraling ladder through the multiverse, shining vortex, and animal, and humanoid, in DNA parallels, she billowed her greatest wind, "THROUGH INTO AURORAE!!!"

...then darkness, warmth, and silence.

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“You can’t just take anyone with you!” Monoceros exclaimed, eyebrows flared.

“I realize that Mon,” Cyeneia replied half sarcastically, “having the choice is almost as disconcerting as having no choice at all.” Cyeneia took a sip of spiced tea and wandered down a far away path in her mind to a dark and desolate forest of beings who had once been trusting companions.

Having already traveled through, Monoceros could speak with Cyeneia about her companion. It was usually looked down upon by those who Knew to speak of such actualities with those whom did not Know the knowledge of Proteus. Mon was a close friend though, and they were In Between Sight; the place between Time Vision, that which The Machine, who can see all time, cannot. Besides, Monoceros had let it slip out some time ago in a moment of Cyeneia’s Truth Magnification (a gift Cyeneia had cultivated unknowingly her entire life.) This exceedingly progressive capability, in turn, freed Cyeneia’s own consciousness through various levels of fluidity and projectability, with the help of her Daseti (her mentor), and thus she was given the choice of Proteus.

Monoceros reached across the small table to Cyeneia’s shoulder,
“Make your choice soon dear, you must prepare your companion.”

Cyeneia smiled only slightly, thinking the choice was seemingly impossible.

“More tea, girls?” the waiter asked, and a single
Alder leaf floated gently down behind him.

Mon looked over at the clock on the patio wall.
“Oh seriously, look at the time, I’ve got to get home to Orion, Cyeneia!”

“I’ll have some dear, thank you,” Cyeneia bridged, “What’s the rush, Mon?”

“We have a counsel meeting in the morning. Orion and I need to be on the same page
with our allowances and objections in order to get Tormence off your back,” Mon explained.

“Do you ever just stop and let go of it all?” Cyeneia questioned.

“All the time deary, all the time. You must remember though, had it not been for this massive wave
of torment, your energies might not have become so practiced and awakened.” Mon predictably debated.
Cyeneia thought to herself, ‘All the time?’

“Do you really believe that Mon? Is it truly the fate of every Impetus Veritas to face themselves into

oblivion and back? Into a hell of abuse and torment; their own history and assumed realities played out against them...realities that aren't even necessarily truth...to anyone!" Cyeneia paused, "and as such," Cyeneia looked away, sighing silently, "some don't make it back."

"Look Cyeneia, what could you have done? Some beings just can't handle their own history." Monoceros finished in a whisper, wishing she hadn't said anything.

"Oh come on Monoceros! They put her through sixteen years of torture only to have her life be lost in a hive attack!? ...the likes of which any individual might succumb to reflective reaction from within, in defense of their Self! How much does one being have to 'take' before they're worthy of peace?! ...always pushing pain and never allowed to push back until one Knows...and even then we're judged on every thought and projection!"

Monoceros sunk into her chair and took a sip of tea, glancing up at Cyeneia like a punished cat, spiteful, yet scolded.

Cyeneia spoke of Berenices, one of her dearest friends. Berenices possessed the flowing gift of divine inspiration; a gift in which allowed her the ability to inspire in any individual their potential, fluid gifts, magnified. Truly a wondrous projectable quality to obtain, and one of the most sincerely needed gifts in existence. Berenices had inspired many Impetus Veritas into what she called their Fluid Graces. She possessed a good many capabilities, but as nobility allowed, this was the most profound, as well as the most dangerous. For you see, not only could Berenices magnify an individual's potential gifts, but as well, their potential weaknesses. Cyeneia had magnified this productive capability in Berenices during Cyeneia's étude in the clandestine rudimentaries of projectability. Rarely, and only if absolutely necessary could one find Berenices using this particular capability against The Balance of an individual.

Berenices was a tough one. She managed through the cleverist of the Tormence. Eventually, she faced a good many of them in one continuous strand of abusive attacks. As she walked a respective path one morning, she was aggressively attacked through magnetic devices and manipulative, pattern projective energies. There must have been thirty separate hive mentalities collectively working against her as she simply walked home from a visit with her Daseti. As such, these hive beings built off each others' projective, mechanical energies and devices to imbalance her will and fluidity. Most Impetus Veritas use no device in projectability in respect to the will of The Balance. The Hive on the other hand, does. Imagine, if you will, an average street packed with people; now imagine that same space, In Between reality; all the same creatures and actions, yet, every action by a Tormence cast into direction, imparting vibrational frequency, thrown from several separate directions; just for pain, abuse, torment, and imbalance. It is a structured and choreographed map of frequency attacks, perpetrated against one individual from many beings, in a string of combined causality, invisible to all whom do not See, and of one directive influence, a Hive Mentality Collective.

Towards the end of this attack Cyeneia happened to see Berenices at the edge of the forest. Her eyes met Berenices as did a striking frequency from five separate Tormence at once. These five Hive Mentalities closed in on her, and as they continued their paths, she simply vanished. There was no flash of light, no great voice of awakening, only a glimpse of dark energy where once stood a dear friend. Cyeneia supposed it had just become too much for her. Berenices had fought the good, learned battle for so many years, and it simply became too abusive. Cyeneia assumed Berenices thought this reality just wasn't enough for her consciousness to continue trying anymore, and Berenices' conscious energy just seemed to submerge into the In Between. Cyeneia continued to learn the ways of the In Between, and searched far surrounding her friend's missing space, and still had yet to find her. She decided Berenices must have found a way into her own In Between. In fact it was this theory, this seemingly fluid entry into her own protected space that allowed Cyeneia the powerfully inspired knowledge that this individual In Between existed apart from the collective In Between, and allowed an individual being their own fluid space, separate from the Hive Mentality Collective's influence,

if the individual could simply 'find' their Self, their entire self, their Real Self, without equivocation. Berenices could still inspire within Cyeneia her own potential without even existing around her. This, in part, inspired Cyeneia's quest to ignite the Fluid Graces, like Berenices before her, in every individual she found who was honest and willing; that they too might be themselves to the greatest degree of their individual knowledge and energy. That they, as well, might be free from the hidden abuse caused so many beings ignorant to the constant attacks on their individuality. Little did Berenices know she had opened a conscious gate, long been hidden.

Tormence main purpose was to reflect upon every chosen Impetus Veritas their own historic realities. If one was a bully as a child, so reflected became their interaction with like individuals to that which were bullied. If the individual abused substance, so too did this come at them; against them. Any type of behavior, whether the smallest kiss, or the most brutal fight, so too was this exploited in the gravest of manner. Every act committed by an individual was Tormence game. They not only reflected distant pasts, but as well, immediate presence, and are informed by The Machine of immediate futures in order to manipulate certain processes of an individual's mind with false pretended enactments to match immediate future events; you may be about to stumble over a crack in the pavement, so they attempt to enact a contrived projection with their body in some way, a flip of the hair, or a drop of the arm, then you trip, and it creates a bridge between their action and your clumsiness, in your mind, if susceptible. As well, this action could be propagated by a device of some kind, magnetically. The specifics to every action is carefully calculated by The Machine. This includes every action out of an individual's entire existence(s) that a Hive Mentality Collective felt was disrespectful or immoral...by their ideals, by their standards. The depth to which the mind functions and reacts has been tested by them for so long that it has become almost infallible. Imagine, realities unknown to you from other lives, other existences, parallels intermingling through the In Between via judgement. Your existence here and now, has yet to be learned by your true Self, your untainted perceptibilities; and as such, the knowledge that has been comprehended thus far in your natural existence, is not yet pure. Much of the knowledge in existence is only there to prevent this purity of your truth; mirrors within mirrors angled just slightly enough to hide what is actually real, and everywhere before your very eyes. It is all to cause weakness. Tormence prey upon every weakness ever shown, and search, to bitter end, every pressure point to exploit, and as such, build upon those weaknesses specifically, individually, and then collectively. It becomes an energetic imperative to heal everything in one's history that is possible, between Time Vision. This is for the purpose of strengthening individual will and confidence, as well as dampening out of existence, the energy connectability, from Tormence mind games of such histories. The insincerity of the H.M.C. is one of their many weapons. All battles are waged without warning. Everyday individuals just begin tormenting suddenly; it can be anyone, and it will be anyone, your most trusting friend or loved one is not exempt from this hosting mentality. Sometimes people disappear from reality, or at least from your presence, and when they come back, it is no longer them, but it looks and sounds like them. There is no limit to what they will use against the individual to cause The Madness. This is when trusting your within, your instinct and intuition, becomes critical to survival of The Machine and Tormence. At first they are very small actions. The naive individual knows not of such, having yet to experience this willful hate. Tormence act with a supposed knowledge to an individual's private existence; a history of their own far reality (even though The Machine is feeding most of them all their words and actions.) Then sometimes it appears a Tormence is simply being hosted by some other force of energy, due to their own manipulative ignorance. The individual does not recognize they are being played by a drone for some time. But then the individual begins to question the coincidental circumstances of betrayal and deceit; the dark glares and sudden actions of those walking by them on the streets...suddenly, the individual starts putting together the causality between those that they come across in the public systems and their own clumsiness, faltering, or manipulated behavior shortly thereafter. The individual begins to See and understand something else is happening...and then suddenly, a walk down the street unfolds into the In Between, and the individual realizes the In Between has become a field of abusive aggression. A fight, completely one sided, until you, the individual, knows. Knows what? The law of causality; a new type of causality, a very dark comprehension to understand...a future pain or future imbalance, was just memoratically placed through the In Between into your individual's being. How? By the use of magnetically manipulative devices hidden in people, animals, cell phones, car alarms, pens, clothing,

shoes, plants, anything. You realize that every individual is not necessarily human, and many people are not themselves either, anymore. It becomes an illogical unreality. As the Machine's foresight into future circumstances quickens forth to your present circumstance, and/or the historical benchmarks accumulative over a private, massive, overhaul of an individual's selective history; the mind begins to piece together those whom are attempting to harm, and those whom are attempting to help, all the while learning to defend without harm to the innocent or oblivious. There are exploitations known to cause imbalance due to recognized weaknesses of the mind, heart or energy, that have long been categorized and practiced against you, without your knowledge, in manipulative energy tactics, too numerous to explain. Tormence use anything and everything they can find on any individual as their weapon key for entry to connect the individual's memory to an expressed reaction of their choosing. Repetition until subjugation, and then manipulation of your reactions to their desired effect. Shock is their assumed skeleton key. It is the Hive Mentality Collective focus that is the main perpetrator in almost all of these interactions, not an individual Tormence...and The Machine watches it all, judging you for reacting to any of it at all. It is always a paradox. There are very few single individual Tormence who have been known to cause massive disruptions in the fluid continuity of a practiced Impetus Veritas. The individual learning of this reality soon finds that this has been gathering momentum and occurring throughout their entire time and space since individual, first existence. What was once thought to be normal interactions become potential links to other Tormence causality; those once kind eyes of everyday people, now a potentially deadened, imbalanced purpose, collectively activated by the will of a Hive Mentality Collective. There is only one dualistic separation from abuse to peace...and that is your own choice between ignorance and capability...for once it is opened, it never closes. The trick with Tormence is in the building of creation in one's thought processes. At first, one might find themselves walking down a busy road and think nothing of tripping over a curb or being bumped by a stranger. Then curiosity might trigger your mind into logic, or perhaps the mind and heart simply put a pattern together, and suddenly you'll witness the initial degree of manipulation all the way through to the intended outcome, perpetrated and actively proclaimed into a physical reaction. This is where the memory comes into effect; mind, muscle, frequency. The initial action catches up with the initial intention. One must understand that these devices do not have a conscience. The individual's balance could be the one rift in this frequency's perpetration against the individual that would block a potentially hazardous injury. The further one finds themselves delving into these functionalities or dysfunctionalities, the greater these perplexing dilemmas become, until finally, one finds themselves comprehending hundreds of actions a day; a baffling complexity to eventually understand and piece together in a string of events, all patterned in a bridging causality, effective towards the individual mind. To the weak of heart or mind, the monotony of all of this is too overwhelming to take. Many, are assumed to have lost their minds to The Machine, or they simply couldn't take the HMC's abuse and let go of reality. One detail is certain though, once the individual begins to See and Know, the individual is seen by all of them...and most of their actions are relentless. There is no limit to any possibility except that which the mind creates and/or allows. The battle for freedom is against The Machine, The Hive, and sometimes other Impetus Veritas. There are as well, combinations of all three, and much of these learning days are isolated from all real communication with anyone except your Daseti, and even then might be only riddle and lesson. The Impetus Veritas are the most dangerous, for they have no bound to energy allowance, except that which their own conscience prohibits or allows. One strained glare from a Veritas and you're dropping your coffee on your boss' shoes. Hybridity is through the Veritas, but the individual must get through The Hive first, while all is monitored by The Machine. You'll never be told whether this is, or is not. Trust is lucid only from within, and there's no turning back...ever. If you're honest with yourself and respective of The Way, that is your own balance with respect to all that are, Impetus Veritas might give you a break, for a minute, or not.

"Berenices doesn't blame you for anything, Cyeneia." Mon consoled.

"I do not feel blame, Mon. I miss her dearly. I understand exactly what broke her into her own Within world: alone and isolated! So free, yet imprisoned to cause a furthering of freedom from within! We need her! I need her!" Cyeneia exclaimed, breaking her maddening emotions into a heart crushing

emphasis.

Cyeneia placed a few U.M.I. Trade Pages on the table to pay for the spice, stood up, and lunged at Monoceros before she could say a word, abruptly hugging her softly. And with a trembling, yet powerful tone Cyeneia whispered,

“Never forget Mon, we are always from Within.”

...and Cyeneia walked off into the darkness of night, alone.

As Cyeneia walked, the evening became darker and darker. There wasn't another being around for miles. She looked up to the sky and saw Cassiopeia angling forth its magnifying whims and began spinning and smiling as she walked. She continued looking up, slowly spinning as she walked along a vast and empty path. Cyeneia was always moved by the constellations. As though they were there to guide each one of us in our own particular ways. She felt alone and free, yet, empty. Cyeneia began to tear up at one point, not realizing she had just walked through the space Berenices had disappeared. Cyeneia saw Berenices in her mind. She could not release the painful memory energy of Berenices absence. As Cassiopeia spun above her, she began circling faster and faster until the constellation became a vivid image of five worlds within one another...then abruptly, Cyeneia tripped over a stone and fell to her knees, tearing up from both pains. The worlds faded into one white glowing Sun encompassed by rays of dark light energy. All the pain of all her own tormented paths seemed to accumulate into that one moment. She picked up an Alder leaf and her thoughts emerged out of a spice drawn energy of Berenices. It seemed to trigger a torrence of emotional backlash, long thought to be forgotten and released. She twirled the leaf slowly with her fingers, tears puddling at the edge of her eyes, having not cried for what seemed to be years.

“Oh get it all out you whimpering twit!” Cyeneia exclaimed to herself, not holding back any further. She threw the leaf before her and it seemed to suspend in midair, spinning partially once, Cyeneia noticed a world within the leaf, like a miniature landscape of a dark forest beginning to glow. It floated down like a feather to the earth, landing thunderously, shaking the earth surrounding her. The Dark Light Sun grew with every breath, like a black hole emerging backwards, projecting dark light everywhere before her.

“It's just pain!” she growled, and the leaves around her began to vibrate a maddening frequency. Cyeneia looked around, amazed and hysterical, yet trudging forth through her needed release.

You see, throughout the many trials and judgements of *The Machine*, an individual is severely judged as to their mental stability and continuity with the fluidity of all extreme circumstances (even the most disastrous or mundane.) Emotional release becomes a luxury achieved through creativity and projectability, but rarely is it witnessed openly of a learning *Impetus Veritas*.

“It's only emotion!” she raged as the stones began to rumble beneath and all around her.

“I know you exist!” Cyeneia's voice echoed into a distant fading light as her tonality sharply condensed into a centralized focus of breath, her air steaming, seeping slowly back into her body.

Then something changed. Cyeneia's voice became extremely clarified as she spoke; as though she was breathing between the wind.

“Berehneecesssssss...” each level of tonality excentuated into greater reverberation of her vocal chords, and the air, and her within. Cyeneia began to feel a mesmerizing, tingling energy emerge from her throat, then her heart, and then her entire body. It seemed to submerge into her being as it became apart of all time and space surrounding her; one energy, allowing.

The leaves lifted slowly all around her and began an ever slowing circulation as though orchestrated by Cyeneia's eyes; her tears slowly flowing down her cheeks in a parallel reflection, mirroring their movement. Cyeneia spun once around with the leaves and walked to the center of this self creating vortex; she had never witnessed such a fluidity of energy through her Self and the Mother energy.

"Berenices..." Cyeneia whispered as she raised her hand to the center before her, 'Air,' she thought, and expressed this, with a thought only The Within could comprehend, and gravity appeared to let go of the voided space before her, floating all imagery into one small, centralized focus. The leaves began moving in straying directions and velocities, like a mobile of galaxies propelling throughout their multiverse, nominal, and illusive to each others' whimsy; an abstraction to fluidity in a constantly flowing dance of protective energy.

"Inside." Cyeneia whispered far into her own heart, and she saw the shape of a diamond form from two super imposed triangles flash within her eyes.

A small light began to emerge from the In Between before her. But there was no one there. The living world surrounding her was no longer vivid, but veiled by a shade of energy unseeable, blurring the complexity of this gateway into a centralized beacon of wonderment. The light before her continued to magnify, emitting to Cyeneia a slight, familiar, darkened light of energy.

Tears streaming down her cheeks, Cyeneia approached the light very slowly. She was dead center of the encircling leaves, yet this light seemed to create a further depth from within itself. The light continued to magnify all around her, and the leaves were in an orbital dance of protective camouflage. It became so bright she could only see this light magnifying through streams of blackened lightning energy; and settling with her own energy, this lightning allowed her this frequency to the energy of her true Self. So as such, with no veil of fear nor illusion, and with the most balanced of confidence, Cyeneia took one single step forward.

For a brief moment, all was energy of light and dark; there was no fluctuation between balance, and Cyeneia did not need to breathe, or suffer, or feel, or understand; there was no thing. She existed in an exacting consistency of fluidity that lasted a lifetime, if only for a moment. Then off in the far distance, a small dot began to evolve Light space into an entirely different world.

Cyeneia's entire being vibrated rapidly, and the completed vortex submerged swiftly to within itself, mirroring Cyeneia's frequency projection. Just as suddenly she noticed a landscape unfold before her. The bright reality that encompassed all vision faded into a clear and sacred space. A vast, foggy, black forest began to populate this In Between. Cyeneia looked into the dark forest and noticed a small glowing blue river flowing into the shrouded landscape. A single white butterfly seemed to appear out from behind her and began fluttering about before her towards the river. Always guided by her intuition, Cyeneia followed this creature.

As Cyenia began walking, a silent and mysterious shadow began to follow her.

The river wound around and about the trees and rocks of the Black Forest. Cyeneia felt an incredible comfort in this place. The butterfly continued flying along the river, leading Cyeneia far into the depths of this mysterious Within. She could have sworn she heard someone singing the word 'balance' over and over again, but dismissed the sound as simply the forest's reverberation of The Balance.

As she walked, she came across strange, seemingly coincidental shapes in the trees and water; a drawing she had created the night before, a shadow she noticed reflecting through a puddle a few days ago, a branch and twig shaped like her old cat stretching. Was this butterfly showing her these sights, or was Cyeneia just noticing what was already there? Perhaps she was only Seeing what her mind needed her to see. Or perhaps, even, it was all simply what her emotions wanted her mind to see. It bears no resemblance to anything but the self, these parallels, and nevertheless, are meant to

be understood, somehow. Nature speaks to you, through you. The mind is not simply a calculator of numbers, but is a symbiotic companion to the Nature of All Existence, and as such, can communicate with itself in various ways only you will know...and when they become known to the Machine, they are exploited. But this space was far from the Machine's eyes and comprehension.

Cyeneia was getting thirsty. She saw no harm in drinking some of this Within water, so she knelt down to the river and cupped her hands to the water. The shadow stopped beyond a large redwood and waited patiently. As Cyeneia consumed this water she noticed the moon rising, reflecting off the surface of the river, and causing the glowing emanation of the water to become even more vibrant. The shadow being approached silently behind Cyeneia along the edge of the towering shadows cast from moon to tree to earth. As Cyeneia drank from this river, her satisfaction became multidimensionally fluid. It were as though she reconciled her own home, her own being, into a greater fluidity from within this Within, naturally. The shadow approached swiftly to Cyeneia's shadow and entered her personal space. Cyeneia felt something change within her. A tinge of darkness rumbled in her torso, an emptiness, a void.

Cyeneia took a deep breath as the river stilled before her. It was almost inanimate, like a mirror. An immediate rush of euphoric energy became her entire being, almost knocking her off balance by its climactic fervor. This was no ordinary water.

Confusion set in as she attempted to decipher between the voided emptiness and the rushing energy. She held her hand to her torso and breathed it all in. Cyeneia looked to the river's reflection and noticed before this rising moon a familiar sight. Reflecting there, in an absoluting allowance, was Bohem Puyuik. Cyeneia gazed into the river, this mountain, and felt very much at peace with this place again. She peered the sky's reflection, noticing Pleiades, and felt at home.

Cyeneia, again, quickly looked around and noticed the butterfly was no longer present. Just as quickly, the emptiness grew within her centeredness. She stood up and turned towards the depths of the forest to seek out her guide, when suddenly, she fell back to the earth in an abrupt, wind knocking, thud.

"What the..." Cyeneia turned and noticed her shadow being weighted down by something darker and heavier than her Self.

Again, she attempted to regain her stance, only to be pulled back to the ground aggressively.

"...well, this is different," Cyeneia replied with a slight wrenching of her voice.

Cyeneia began reaching for this shadow, attempting to grasp at something that simply wasn't there.

The shadow lunged at Cyeneia's body! Having no experience with this type of energy, Cyeneia's reaction was less than effective. The shadow began to apply its darkness upon Cyeneia's energy, and began seeping into her skin, her hands, her arms, her shoulders, her eyes, her mind...when suddenly, the shadow was seemingly euded from Cyeneia and lept from her into the earth below.

The shadow seeped into the dirt and disappeared. Cyeneia looked to her right and noticed two very long legs reaching up the body of a beautiful creature.

Berenices stood just over two meters in height. She was wearing a white, full body cloak that only slightly hid her synthetically form fit, black body suit. In her right hand she held a staff of Black Tourmaline. Her hair was scarlet fire with tips dipped of midnight.

She knelt down to Cyeneia, "What now? No thank you?"

“What the hell was that!? It came out of no where!” Cyeneia questioned.

“That was Kalona. Kalona Ayeliski, you did not sense him?”

“I was drinking from the river, when suddenly...”

“They protect this river, Cyeneia. They seek upon those who are about to pass over. You’re quite fortunate I arrived when I did. You were about to get razed for a while.” Berenices explained.

“Razed?”

“They seep in to your soul and magnify through your being every evil known to existence.” Berenices helped Cyeneia to stand.

“...really.” Cyeneia replied, brushing herself off, and only slightly joking, “Why?”

“To see if you can’t handle what you’re up against.”

“Sounds like a super-caffeinated version of our reality.”

“Indeed.”

They began walking further into the forest towards the large mountain.

“You see Cyeneia, this In Between is different. It is a Separation Bridge.”

“A separation bridge? What exactly is it separating?”

“We’ll get to that.”

“How did you...”

“...stop him? The Tourmaline. They can’t stand it!” Berenices laughed.

“This river runs through many different Withins. How did you get here Cyeneia?!”

“I was walking up Illenau Road from our old cafe, and as I entered the forest I began to feel all this overwhelming emotional intensity and a necessity to release it all. As I did, this massive energy rush became from within the space before me, like a living being, and I began to flow with this allowance, like it was because of me and this space, that it happened...ya know, like, without the both of us, it could not have occurred.”

“You walked right through my entry Cyeneia.”

“What happened to you, Ber?”

“The Tormence were coming at me from every angle. It was no ordinary attack,”

“When is it?”

“Yeah, but it was way more vehement than ever I have experienced. It was like they needed me gone, or dead, or out of their way for some reason. They were throwing everything they had at me, there

was no holding back...and something triggered inside of me, like a self preservation mechanism of capability. Five separate Tormence were closing in on me. I knew where they would be, they become so predictable, Machine mentalities, so I reflected through all of their own angles, through themselves, and created a barrier before me, out of their own energy, and like it was second nature, I opened this particular In Between, this bridging Within World, and walked right through 'em. They didn't even see it happen."

"That's what was so weird about it Ber! They didn't even know what happened! They always seem to know!"

"That's what they want us to believe. They only know what The Machine tells them to know, or assume into coercion, but the future is only partially understood. It can always be changed, by them AND us."

"I missed you Berenices."

"You as well Cyeneia. Know that this was necessary."

Cyeneia and Berenices looked at each other for the first time in years. All the experiences, all the abuse and neglect from the system, The Machine, The Hive. Energy just seemed to build in the comfort of each others' presence; a natural peace between them. They knew nothing except that moment right then, and they were at once, satisfied.

They walked forth to the edge of Bohem Puyuik, and they both raised their sights to the top of the mountain. An unusually rounding cloud rested atop the behemoth structure, glowing blue from the reflecting sky just before sunrise.

"Where are we going?" Cyeneia requested.

"Through."

I4

The winding river narrowed around a large Alder tree. Cyeneia sat down upon the roots of this tree and looked into the reflection of the mountain. A full Moon was setting on one side of Bohem Puyuik, and the Sun was rising on the other side. They appeared to be reflecting each others' progression in and out of the world. And yet, no matter how slowly their progression allowed this sight, they seemed to be growing deeper into consciousness; two orbs darkening into the depths of her eyes. Berenices sat beside Cyeneia, rested her chin softly on Cyeneia's shoulder, and watched the rising, setting circles of lightness and darkness.

"It's like they're constantly chasing each other."

"Yeah," Berenices paused, "until they eclipse."

"...and then what?"

Berenices looked at Cyeneia's eyes reflecting the Sun and Moon through the water.

"They become One."

Berenices' words seemed to drift from her lips like the wind into the river. The Sun and Moon began to slowly merge into the center of the horizon line at the edge of Bohem Puyuik and the river. The magnitude of the Sun grew with every distance gained, as did the Moon's glow. The river before them was no longer a winding river, but was a fluid line of water whose perspective could be shifted from a flowing river to a rising waterfall simply by altering one's perspective angle. The two orbs of light: one shining and one reflecting, became one energy around them and flashed a glaring brilliance as they combined into one entity held at the center edge of the great mountain and fluid river. Half in and half out, the SunMoon shown light energy glowing beneath the water, and dark energy glowing above the water, each, a reflection of the other, yet one, simultaneous.

"What's happening to them?"

"They are communicating Cyeneia, through their worlds, through ours, a language understood only by those who have the freewill to understand the truth of perspective as realized through the respect of natural parallel. This is wisdom without boundaries because respect has already been allowed and understood."

"Whose respect?"

"The Sun, The Moon, Bohem Puyuik, The River, Earth, Space...the In Between..."

“Like a merging of all worlds reflecting all at once?”

“Reflecting, inflecting, magnifying...within, beyond, through...”

“I wonder how they know.”

“How they know what?”

“Like, how does The Moon know that She is becoming One with The Sun while She is simultaneously reflecting The Sun, and reflecting into the depths of The River with The Sun and Herself as One, while inflecting the In Between, and magnifying Space, Earth, and Bohem Puyuik and whatever other worlds might this all be happening within parallel to any perspective, or shadow, or reality?”

“Perhaps that is what She learns as we speak.”

“...like Her journey, Her quest, is to understand and evolve Her consciousness through simultaneous magnifications with several parallels?”

“Well, more like She became one with The Sun, so ‘this’ was revealed. The Sun and Moon became one with The River’s reflection, so something ‘even deeper and more vivid’ was revealed, and then through ‘that’ depth and parallel, even further does their own comprehensive nature allow. The intricacies into the perspective depths of consciousness elaborate each other as each other are elaborated...”

“...you’d never see The Sun and Moon as One in The River’s reflection unless first they had become One...” Cyeneia theorized.

“...that is...unless their union was first understood as reflective energy.” Berenices concluded.

SunMoon was rising. SunMoon was gaining depth. The river appeared to go much deeper now, and was no longer glowing light blue, but had darkened to a melting purple. The entire sky was a reflection of The River. A fog had encircled their entire world, and feathered lightly, the air all around them.

Berenices stood up and began walking on one side of The River, as did Cyeneia, the other side. The mountain looked like a snow laden pyramid. They glanced over to each other as they walked side by side on either side of The River, seemingly mirroring one another. The SunMoon shone upon each one of them as though they were directly before its brilliance, yet, cast their shadows far within the depths of The River as reflections.

“Can you see your shadow?” Cyeneia’s voice reverberated slower than she spoke.

Cyeneia looked into The River and saw miles of depth, of heavy, gravitating energy pulling her closer to the edge of the water. She began to feel a strain at withstanding this force.

“Berenices?” Cyeneia questioned, and there was total silence for a moment, no wind, no air, no movement; then Berenices spoke.

“Have you ever wondered what it feels like to be within your Self, yet, without?”

Cyeneia’s path was fluid, almost trance like. She was walking closer and closer to the edge of The River, being pulled towards it by some inextricable force of energy.

“I’m not sure I can stop myself Ber!” Cyeneia’s voice echoed, and grew far into the water’s depths.

“To be within your own reflection, inflecting your own being from the inside, what that might allow?”

The SunMoon was shining a vast ring of energy upon them now. Bohem Puyuik was directly before them, and The River was a waterfall rising into its own reflective depths, crystal clear, into the mountain. And all at once The SunMoon spoke with no words and with no sound and with no utterance to any being anywhere who had not the patience or the respective freewill to understand this, with Lightness and Darkness as the Wind, “Let go of you.”

Cyeneia looked at Berenices, and Berenices looked at Cyeneia. All the weight of every sense she had ever felt and held on to, all the love, all the hate, all the demise, all the worry, all the guilt, all the purpose, all the idiosyncracies, every minute glitch of reality that had ever held within her being, a space, a room between her temples, that voided fluidity through any sensibility, space, did she See, and understand them all, in that instant.

Cyeneia let a deep sigh from her being. One single tear shed the dry from each eye...and she let go of everything. Her body streamlined into wind and was cast into water. As she became within the River, her Shadow became where she had been walking along the River, and continued the path silently, parallel to Berenices, reflecting all that Cyeneia allowed.

Cyeneia's body was merged with The River instantly. All at once, Cyeneia was engulfed by Kalona Ayeliski. There were hundreds of them. The River appeared to be the size of an ocean, and the waters rose with a greatness of depth circulating by an undercurrent of wind that guided them all towards a shining eclipse far above the rising water, while far beneath the rapid current.

A single Kalona drifted past Cyeneia closely, grazing her side. Cyeneia looked around, curiously, thinking of tourmaline.

“We will not harm you this day, Cyeneia,” Kalona Ayeliski's thoughts communicated.

“You can hear my thoughts?”

“Yes,” Kalona Ayeliski replied.

“You have let go, and there is nothing left to raze.”

“Why though, what purpose does this ‘razing’ someone, serve, Kalona?”

“Some will not understand. Some will not allow a vivid respect. Some will be razed.”

“But you were going to raze me, yet here I am in The River, with you!”

“Indeed.”

The flow of The River was rising and falling directly in through the center of the eclipsing SunMoon. Cyeneia could see the many Kalona Ayeliski disappearing one after another into the massive Dark Light. The water grew rapid as she came closer to this entrance. Cyeneia looked to either side and saw only dark light. She looked to herself and saw only dark light. She looked before her and behind her and saw only this dark light. Cyeneia understood even further to let go, and she became this energy.

“I am only Now, what is, and yet to be.”

All of the Kalona Ayeliski had projected through the Dark Light into their respective paths.

Cyeneia's entire body became fluidity itself, surging herself forward into The SunMoon as The River. As Cyeneia thrust into the Dark Light, she understood what the Moon understood, and what Sun understood, and what SunMoon understood, and what they understood as One and simultaneous with her and the River, and reflection, and one another individually, and collectively, and parallel, inflecting.

Cyeneia saw as The SunMoon River Sees. She had become this Sight. Her eyes were Sun and Moon, yet Seeing only One through each of them, and this magnified into her pupils, illustrating her being into existence. Suddenly, Cyeneia was standing at the edge of a cliff within Bohem Puyuik, her hair blowing to one side as the wind allowed a more familiar aspect to its giving nature. Cyeneia took a deep breath, looked to her side, and saw her shadow on the mountain wall realizing she was far deeper within her own within the In Between.

"Letting go is the only step here."

"Berenices! What?" Cyeneia looked beyond Berenices, "Where did YOU go?"

"This was for you, Cyeneia. Now, you understand further."

"This place is like no place I have EVER understood."

"It is exactly further than every place, and every space."

They began walking into a tunnel that cast a faint light from far within.

"What I thought I knew, I could not express, and yet this place has explained what I could not have known without experiencing the expression I had, but knew not how to allow, until traveling through, while switching places with my Shadow, and being ethereally parallel with it."

"There is no distance between those understandings. You became your Shadow. It is why I did not go with you through The River this time. You needed to let go of me as well; that you might travel with no attachment, and be only One...with a bunch of razers!" Berenices pierced Cyeneia's eyes with confidence, as a sign of defeating fear.

"I saw The SunMoon shone very strange. It was encircling itself constantly in Dark Light...flashing through itself darkness and lightness, faster as I approached, like a strobe light encircling itself rapidly."

The light in the passageway before them grew closer and flickered.

"Kalona Ayeliski was all over that river!" Cyeneia continued dramatically.

The women's shadows danced longer than their bodies along the passage walls behind them.

"They ARE a large part of the swiftness directing the current through that eclipsing; the wind, as it were."

DOAHM! A thundering sound rumbled through the tunnel, deafening all sound for a moment, then silent.

"What was tha?"

DOOAHMMMM! The sound became louder and shook their path. Cyeneia grabbed Ber's forearm.

“I felt that in my chest”

DOOOAHMMMMM! The cave began to shake vigorously as dust and small, stone fragments shook to the floor.

“I leave it up to you Cyeneia, forward or back...”

Cyeneia looked forward and saw the glowing red and orange light dancing through an open entrance. She then peered back and saw daylight emerging from the eclipse.

“Into the mystery!”

With a quickness to their step they rushed forward towards the entrance.

DOAHM! The sound became less deafening and more clarified as they approached the entrance. Cyeneia looked to Berenices beside her and could think of no closer space to her heart than that moment. Berenices looked over to her just as Cyeneia looked forward, having the same thought, and they both, at once, got the chills over their entire bodies, euphorically tingling; the hairs rising on both their necks and arms visibly.

DOAHM! They slowed their pace as they approached the exit of the tunnel and the entrance to a large cavern. The tunnel had widened immensely and had grown in height by at least five meters. An enormous wall, riddled with quartz crystal and tourmaline began to reveal itself as they passed through the entrance.

DM! The sound stopped. The red and orange light faded, and the wall of crystals began to glow light and dark.

Berenices walked forward as Cyeneia admired one of the crystals.

“Have you ever been here before, Ber?” Cyeneia whispered.

“This is your knowledge, Cyeneia, we came through your eclipse.”

Cyeneia was elated at the depth this In Between allowed. A very faint hum began to generate from the crystal walls. Berenices looked to Cyeneia who was smiling at her and pointing at a crystal.

“They’re all the crystals I ever touched! All the crystals that ever moved me! These are all the stones I have ever seen that inspired energy or clarity or”

DOAHM! The sound reverberated throughout the massive cavern. The hum of the crystals sounded like a thousand humming birds, in octaves, growing deeper.

“It’s coming from down here!” Berenices exclaimed.

The glow from crystals on the walls began to illuminate the cavern completely as their tonality expressed through light and dark. Cyeneia looked out across from the top of this cavern and saw a vast labyrinth spiraling down into a molten, steaming bath of lava. Berenices was already a hundred meters before her.

“Ber!”

DOAHM! Cyeneia ran swiftly down the path to Berenices, looking before her, and all around for the

source of this sound.

“Can you tell where it is coming from?”

“It sounds like it’s coming from the center of that lava bath!”

“What do you think it is?”

DOAHM! They walked around a bend in the path, and there before them, standing upon a crystallized stone platform were seven men. All of them turned to Cyeneia and Berenices who looked to each other, then walked forward cautiously. Three men were on either side of a large ramming device in the shape of a ram’s head in which they were pulling through leverage ropes against an enormous, solid web, cast upon the far wall, spanning several meters in every direction, circular. One man directed the motion forward, DOAHM! The massive energy billowed through the mountain. Then the six men pulled the ramming instrument back.

Each of the men wore only black loin cloths and were painted in red and black from head to toe. Spirals and circles and eyes and faces seemed to dance between themselves upon their skin, reflecting with light, as shadows, with every thundering ram they allowed upon the colossal web. The lava beneath their standing stone was emanating a deep autumn hue upon the walls and their beings.

As Cyeneia and Berenices approached, they noticed the men had blackened eyes, most likely due to their existence being only that within these caverns. Cyeneia wondered if they would speak or just keep ramming their drum web.

DOAHM! The web shook a great trembling as the stones and crystals all began buzzing an intense tonality throughout the walls of the great space. A pyramidal stromboli began forming in the center of the lava bath, and looking at this pyramidal formation above the lava bath, one could vividly see its reflection in the depths of its circle. The men let go of their ropes and walked down to the edge of the lava, forming a circle, and began chanting in a language never heard beyond this cavern.

“Ber?”

Berenices approached the drum web, while Cyeneia reluctantly, and curiously followed. The men continued chanting without concern of their guests. The walls buzzed a great depth and began forming intricate paths of color between each other across the great space.

“It’s a spider web!” Berenices announced, dwarfed by the size of the circular drum web.

“That’s one massive spider.”

“Indeed.”

The seven men were paying no attention to the two women at their drum web. The stromboli had centered in the space between the cavern ceiling and lava bath when Cyeneia noticed immense roots growing down through the floor of the mountain. The crystals’ pitch had reached a depth that seemed to melt all other influences into a fluid stream of allowance. Cyeneia and Berenices both sat down for a moment and watched the seven men, falling deeper into a trance state.

As they began to feel at ease with this space, the two women began to naturally evolve into a state of comprehension with the energy of the cavern. The colors of the lava were magnifying and reflecting through all the crystals, and the crystals’ tones were reverberating and cycling through the depths of the cavern, lava bath, and mountain. The seven men continued chanting the same verse repetitiously.

“We should move, Ber,” Cyeneia stood and began helping Berenices up.

“What is it, Cyeneia?”

They hurried down the stone to another platform beyond the edge of the heat from the lava.

“I just felt we needed move!” Cyeneia looked at the seven men who began widening their circle further as they continued chanting; out from the lava did they expand their circle, until finally, in a spiraling dance of running, spinning, and chanting, the seven men had all run out from the lava bath.

DHOAM!!!!!! Cyeneia and Berenices turned to the drum web instantly, which had all at once, burst open!

“Oh my!” Cyeneia whispered as she witnessed the wind blowing strands of web along the edges.

The seven men had vanished. Cyeneia and Berenices were standing on the platform surrounded by white and black vibrating crystals, and an immensely intensified pyramidal stromboli of lava was rising before them.

“What’s tha” Berenices started.

“that’s a leg!” Cyeneia finished.

All at once a beautiful, terribly huge White Spider came crawling through the passage where the drum web once stood. As She crawled through, Her body began to illuminate the entire cavern. The crystals vibrated with Her every step. The stromboli was reversed into the depths of the lava bath as She made Her entrance. She then pushed the ramming device aside calmly, and walked forward.

“Uh, Ber?” Cyeneia was vigilant.

“Speak with Her Cyeneia.” Berenices brushed Cyeneia’s upper arm.

The lava bath was now spiraling rapidly, like a galaxy.

“I am Cyen-”

“I know who you are.” The White Spider spoke telepathically.

“The question is.....do you know WHY you are here...” The White Spider continued walking down the stone rising. As She walked past the first crystal wall, every crystal magnified a greater illumination upon her passing. All the crystals seemed more alert and attentive, as though they were anticipating She might allow something through them. The low octave humming had subsided, and a sensual major seventh harmony was sustaining in the background.

“She speaks to you, Cyeneia.” Berenices guided.

With eyes raised, the White Spider was patiently awaiting Cyeneia’s response as she stood before their platform, looking at them both, eyes to eyes, roughly two meters away. Cyeneia looked into Her many eyes and saw only reflections of herself.

“I exist to allow The Balance.” Cyeneia proclaimed confidently.

“The Balance? What do YOU...know of The Balance?” The White Spider scoffed.

The crystals tone magnified when She spoke.

“...that fluidity is the purpose of all balance, and that this is accomplished through respective, comprehensive allowance.”

“So what of Chaos?” The White Spider debated.

The crystals changed their seventh tonality from major to diminished.

“Is it not to balance through Chaos, Order, and through Order, Chaos?” The White Spider questioned.

“It is the combined fluid nature between them that is The Balance.”

The crystals shifted to a major, diminished, fluctuating tonality.

The White Spider looked over to the crystals, “Good,” while turning to Cyeneia, and then The White Spider turned to Berenices, “Very good!”

“...she is ready old friend.”

“Old friend? You two know each other?” Cyeneia questioned.

“I have been here for quite some time,” Berenices answered, petting the brow of one of The White Spider’s many eyes.

“We have been cleansing the In Between, Cyeneia.” The White Spider added.

“...and the seven men?” Cyeneia pondered.

“Bolutian Spirits.” Berenices answered.

“...they come from a land that is no more,” The White Spider followed.

“Cyeneia, what we allow in this place is not just for this space, it is for ALL spaces,” The White Spider explained, “we magnify for healing...into The Parallel.”

The crystals harmonized in seven, octave, fifths.

“You mean ALL parallels?”

“Yes. As we learn of them, so do we allow through them, The Balance, respectively.”

“Perhaps an example, Cyeneia, would you accompany me to the lava bath?”

The White Spider bent down slightly to allow Cyeneia onto Her back.

Cyeneia looked to Berenices, raised her eyebrows jovially, and smiled.

“Of course!” Cyeneia attempted not to sound too excited.

Cyeneia climbed onto the back of The White Spider.

The hair was like silk, and strong, and perfect.

“Don’t be afraid to hold on, you cannot hurt ‘this’ Old Mother.” The White Spider jested.

“Ready.” Cyeneia signaled.

The White Spider then crawled them over to the lava bath which had become a spinning, spiraling cauldron of melting stone and crystal. The lava sparkled in the many eyes of the great spider. The pit of lava appeared almost web like in its spiraling fruition.

“A gift for you, Cyeneia.” The White Spider allowed.

“A gift!? For what?”

“It has been a long journey, dear sister. Think of this as an allowance into the further nature of allowance.”

“Allowance.” Cyeneia whispered.

“Hold on, Cyeneia.” The White Spider warned.

The White Spider then stood on Her back two legs, elevating them high into the center of the cavern’s space. Her eyes began to glow blue, and all the crystals and stones began humming in a blue tonality, and the entire room became of blue...and the sound were as though euphoria had been blessed and magnified through everything...as though this sound could pierce through any mind and melt all dysfunctionality from existence, and yet, only illuminate that which was of necessity to The Balance, in order to allow a purified magnification of this balance. The roots from the ceiling of the cavern began to shake. One root in particular, began vibrating rapidly.

“Ahhhh, there he is...” The White Spider noticed.

Cyeneia did not know what was happening, but she noticed the root vibrating near the center of the cavern’s ceiling. It was a beautiful, spiraling Alder root, no stray frays or twigs, just a spiraling elongation, branching through the mountain floor.

“Stromboli up!” The White Spider’s eyes illuminated with Light energy.

Cyeneia was amazed. An immense double arc exploded from the center of the lava bath, and began rising slowly through the center of the cavern. The crystals’ energy rose with intensity, parallel to the height of the double arcing, strombolian eruption.

“Weave!” The White Spider raised her free legs up in the air towards the lava.

The two arcs of lava began interweaving between each other as they rose further and further up the center of the cavern towards the singled out root.

The White Spider then looked towards the wall of crystals adjacent to the spiraling root, and raised one of Her legs like a conductor lifting a note, with Her palm open.

“Freeze!” She ordered respectively.

The crystals upon this wall, retaining their blue tonality, magnified an intensely focused frequency at the spiraling root, and ice became this root, and only this root. Once the Alder root was frozen, the crystals on this wall shifted back to magnifying only their blue tonalities.

Suddenly, the spiraling root broke free from the cavern’s ceiling.

“Stromboli!!!” The White Spider brought forth all Her free legs before Her center.

The interwoven arcs shot up to the falling, spiraling root and surrounded the root's entirety, allowing just a hair away from its surface, and intensified.

"Cleanse this root of all imbalanced, unwelcome, or unnecessary energies," The White Spider allowed.

All the crystals brightened their tonalities into a pitch so low it shook the earth, and so high it penetrated the sky and space, yet, so vibrant it was felt between the In Between, all their beings. The entire cavern became a rumbling, roaring symphony of a thousand octaves and harmonizations; every structural functionality through tonality was magnified in an instant as an everlasting moment of infinite knowledge. The spiraling root petrified before all their eyes, and began to shine a great magnification of blue tonality, and became transformed into crystallization.

"Seal!" The White Spider commanded.

One single crystal in the center of the adjacent wall lasered through to the voided Alder root space, sealing the ceiling of the cavern into solidarity.

"Hold on tight, Cyeneia!" The White Spider alerted.

With three legs holding the interwoven strombolian eruption and the crystals' conduction of the spiraling root, The White Spider began weaving a crystallized funnel web from the edge of the lava bath to the voided space where the drum web once encircled.

"Wow!" Cyeneia whispered to Berenices, who was smiling at the vision.

Within ten seconds, the crystallized funnel web was near completion.

"Stromboli, allow!"

The interwoven eruption redirected into the edge of the crystallized funnel web along with the petrified, now crystallized, double terminated, spiral Alder root. The root shot up into the funnel web with the lava, and The White Spider quickly connected the web's edges with the edge of the lava bath, completing the funnel web.

The White Spider brought Her legs to the ground softly, and spoke.

"Now, come down here child." The White Spider brought one of Her front legs up to help Cyeneia down from Her back.

"But where will it go?" Cyeneia requested.

"Let us See!" The White Spider answered enthusiastically.

Standing before Cyeneia, The White Spider revealed multiple visionary sights through Her many eyes. She Saw the Alder root at the edge of the interwoven, strombolian eruption shooting up the vast passageway through the mountain. Simultaneously, she Saw the outside of Bohem Puyuik as this dualing arc of energy shot the crystallized petrification into space. Parallel to this, she Saw two bright stars begin to shine brighter than all the others in the center of the sky. These two stars were Arcturus and Pollux, two of the brightest stars of the night. They shone on either side of the mountain just as the Sun and Moon had began at The River. The two interwoven, strombolian arcs unwound three of their winding levels and suspended the double terminated, petrified, crystallized Alder root between these two shining Suns, and allowed.

The White Spider then took a deep breath in and stated in a billowing voice, “Two Suns into one.” Arcturus and Pollux illuminated into either end of the Alder root, brightening the entire sky into a dark blue light within the dawning of the day. For a few moments, the entire sky revealed space as though it were a dark blue night, the Sun shining directly between it all. The crystallized Alder root began to illuminate the intensity of these two Suns as One. Our Sun was witness to this. The ultra blue light became all of The White Spider’s eyes, and continued magnifying, and illuminated the entire room into blue. The crystals all sparkled into shining tonality, one single tone of all tones, and each being could understand every sense, through this allowance, as though they were simply one sense of all senses.

The White Spider’s eyes faded into their normal glimmer. The intensity of the lava subsided. The White Spider spoke once more, “Allow!” She commanded calmly, with great force, and the funnel web, the crystallized, spiraling, silk passage from the lava bath to the ‘drum web circle void’ deteriorated before their very eyes into thin air. All the crystals in the cavern dimmed, and there was silence. Only the light from the resting lava bath did allow a glowing upon all their faces now... like fire, in water.

“Up you go, Cyeneia,” The White Spider lifted her to the stone platform before the great circle.

A spinning reverberation began from the passageway and got louder exponentially. Cyeneia noticed this, and saw a blue light getting brighter and brighter with this tonality. She leapt forward just as the blue became so bright and so loud, that it was all she could see and hear! She caught the petrified, crystallized, spiraling, Alder root in her right hand, and the sound stopped suddenly, as did the great blue light. There was only a small blue glow now, magnifying around the entire staff. Cyeneia studied it acutely. Berenices looked to The White Spider and smiled, and Her many eyes glistened. The staff was perfectly formed as a spiraling blue Alder root, sharpened to a point on either side, and double terminated. The details within the root were implicitly unique. The shapes and dimensions of Suns Arcturus and Pollux swarmed throughout the staff like firewater, steaming fluidity, and MASSIVE energy formed of air and earth and fire and ice. Cyeneia held the staff with one arm up above her, then brought it down in a swooping twirl, and a sudden depth of tonal bass rumbled through the cavern echoing, PHHHHHHHWWWWMMMM! The staff brightened a dark blue energy, parallel to this sound creation, the entire cavern. All the crystals in the cave brightened and reverberated this sound. The White Spider’s eyes glistened further with pleasant surprise to its intensity.

“It is to know all senses as One, Cyeneia: clarified.” The White Spider explained, “...to understand that there is a bridge between them all, and they ARE One, magnifiable, capable in projection, just as your staff has allowed this now...it is to know The Parallel through YOU now.”

“I shall name him Blue.”

“A lovely name.” The White Spider agreed.

“Indeed.” Berenices paralleled.

“It is the greatest gift I have ever received.” Cyeneia was humble, and thankful.

Cyeneia jumped down from the stone platform and approached The White Spider with Berenices at her side.

“Thank you,” Cyeneia placed her right hand in the center of all the eyes of The White Spider.

The White Spider brought forth two of Her legs and embraced Cyeneia’s shoulders.

“It is our deservance to allow further as we have understood the greater complexity of this allowance.”

Cyeneia brought her forehead carefully to the very center of The White Spider’s many eyes, and they stood for a moment.

“I have only one question, White Spider,” Cyeneia continued.

They parted their intimate connection, yet, still held on to each other firmly.

“Yes, Cyeneia.”

“What is your name?”

The White Spider looked directly into the center of Cyeneia’s eyes and stated, “My name is Alula.”

I5

At that exact moment, all the crystals of the cavern intensified into an illuminating vibrance of luminescence. The light became so irradant that Berenices and Cyeneia could only see light. There was no sound except the breathing from within their individual beings. Cyeneia raised her arms in an unequivocal euphoria. She stretched her spirit through her mind into her breathing as this energy's bolstering balance became of her. Berenices extended her arms down, palms out, and opened up like a fan of sunlight emerging from the edge of an illimitable ocean. As the light began to fade, Cyeneia looked to where Alula once stood and saw several circular, perspective mirrors at varying angles. She peered over to Berenices who began to reach for an edge just to see if it was even there.

"Wait!" Cyeneia whispered.

"What is it?"

"Look!"

Cyeneia and Berenices witnessed these mirrors before them slowly fading into vision as Alula's eyes. They were within Alula's sight, her eyes, and the mirrors they witnessed before them were connective through their own vision, individually, of the several perspectives allowed a creature of such sight. They both reached out before themselves simultaneously and witnessed only the absence of reflection deepening, as though they were reaching into themselves, an absolute depth.

Alula spoke from within them, "Dizzy?"

Cyeneia and Berenices looked to each other with rising eyebrows, and grinned.

"Not dizzy," Berenices began.

"...perhaps...overwhelmed? How do you keep up with all these eyes!" Cyeneia exclaimed.

"It is what it is. I see just as you see, but where we differ is the allowance of direction and the length of light visible. My eyes are much simpler than your own. This is why I have allowed you through this space, to witness my simplicity, through your own sight, complexually."

As Alula explained her vision to Berenices and Cyeneia, they witnessed their individual paths become as though it were themselves climbing through the long tunnel from the cave to the surface of Bohem Puyuik. Alula was a swift climber, and they emerged rapidly through the top of the great mountain just as dusk began to seep into obscurity.

“So much light!” Cyeneia announced to the darkening sky.

“There is much light in darkness. It is sometimes easier to focus on the brilliance of individuality than the radiance of a collective, and as such so allow this individuality, collectively fluid,” Alula reasoned.

“Wait, what am I seeing here Alula?” Berenices questioned.

“Let us see,” Alula replied while focusing all three of their visions to exactly what Berenices’ eyes and mind were allowing focus upon.

“What are you seeing, Ber!” Cyeneia laughed astonishingly.

“Yeeeeeees.” Alula expressed audaciously.

“It appears you have focused in on the light of the infrared waves with an acute accent on the light of the ultraviolet waves through your own eyesight!”

“This is ridiculously beautiful, Ber.” Cyeneia confessed.

“What exactly are we seeing here, Alula?”

“What we normally view as space, these evening skies, is always present day and night. The light we witness without the brilliance of a nearby shining star, like our dear Sun, becomes ever present to our perception as Sun’s illumination is rotated out of our line of vision from our circular portion of the world. And so in this darkness do we see the stars illuminating before us now. In this combination of our eyes and minds do we find ourselves viewing an even greater capacity to the fluid allowance of this light, our vision. Whereas, the infrared radiation is visible through the ultraviolet radiation, and as well, conversely so, thus allowing our sight a multidimensional perspective of light allowance, otherwise known as multicomplexual viewing. Whereas, from whatever portions of the electromagnetic spectrum we are capable of witnessing, do we witness. It’s all frequency, wavelength...”

“...energy!” Cyeneia added.

“Yes. Photons.” Alula professed.

“Photons?” Cyeneia pondered.

“The electromagnetic spectrum is the measure of electromagnetic radiation, which is simply photons, which are simply packets of energy that travel at the speed of light, which is very fast.”

Alula continued, “When light enters your eye it is bent through the curvature of its outer layer, the cornea, in through the pupil (the darkness in the center of your eye), to the lens. Your iris (the color portion of your eye) adjusts for the amount of light allowed to pass through with muscles called ciliary. If there is too little light, these muscles cause the iris to dilate (enlarging the darkness to allow for more light.) If there is too much light, these muscles contract (shrinking the darkness to allow for less light.) The light and dark work very fluidly in this way through your seeing. It is a fundamental principle of knowledge, this comprehension. You can look at the sky in the day or night and witness this extremely slow and natural aperture of allowance through the symbiotic journey between Sunlight, Earth’s rotation, and your sight, a trinity. The Planetary Eye. You see, it’s all perspective.”

“Well what happens to the light after it goes through the lens?” Cyeneia’s vision was evolving and she was thoroughly intrigued.

“Oh, right. Well Cyeneia, the lens is curved as well, so when the light passes through the lens it is bent once again, it is refracted, like a reed, yet in water, where it is then brought into focus at the retina. The retina then transforms the light into electrical impulses, energy! This electrical energy then takes a biological pathway (the optic nerve) all the way to the back of the brain into the occipital lobe: which converts this once light, now electrically impulsing energy, into an image, or vision!”

“Fascinating! What about your eyes, Alula?” Cyeneia wondered.

“Well dear, these two large eyes in the center, that which you are seeing with an acuity of focus, these are like telephoto lenses. They function in much the same way as your eyes, yet can magnify far off objects into greater clarity. The eye on each side beyond these central eyes are an infrared eye and an ultraviolet eye and they function through their obvious objectivity. The two eyes beyond the infrared and the two eyes beyond the ultraviolet are basically peripheral vision. With all vision active, it’s as clear as crystal, yet with the peripheral vision only, these eyes would only see a slightly blurred vision.”

“I feel as though these electrical impulses, they’re all racing between our minds, Alula!” Berenices expressed.

“With your precise sensitivity into the combination of my infrared and ultraviolet eyes focused through your own photoreceptors, then phototransduced and brought back through my telephoto like eyes, then through your own, it is no wonder that this has allowed us all an even finer acuity into the depth of starlit space Berenices; a symbiosis of electrical comprehension between your mind, my mind, Cyeneia’s mind, all our eyes, and the great space beyond...”

Alula stood before the billions of stars and galaxies and dimensionalities from atop Bohem Puyuik. Cyeneia and Berenices gazed at the stars as Alula described all the variant aspects of energy. Their eyes evolved each others’ eyes, the Sky’s allowance, a comprehension between them all. The manifestation of definition was mind boggling; their eyes all riveted in sundry direction.

“What are these stars,” Cyeneia thought to herself.

“Why not ask them yourself Cyeneia?” Alula answered.

“How?”

“Respectively.”

“What...just ask ‘em?”

“Well, it’s not that simple dear, and yes, ASK,” Alula accentuated as though to signal Berenices.

Alula took a stance as if ready to leap into open space.

Cyeneia looked down at Alula’s legs wondering what was about to happen. She glanced over to Berenices beside her who was still gazing far into space, breathing rhythmically, and so she too looked to space and took a deep breath.

“It is to know your Self as far as you have gone, yet intimately...” Berenices spoke as though she and Alula had anticipated Cyeneia’s question long ago. Cyeneia looked to Berenices.

Alula cast a line of connectivity to the star Arcturus, leapt, and they began ascending.

“It is to know so far within your Self, that all balance beyond you, is as well through you, yet further...”

Their ascension was motionless, weightless, and much faster than light.

Cyeneia began to get that strange feeling again, as though she Knew, yet had to edge through a divulgent misapprehension just so she could recognize the truth of that which she already knew.

“You must understand, Cyeneia, RESPECT. This respect you must understand further than you have ever understood it before. Understand it so far within and beyond that it is no longer a requestive attempt at authenticity, but is only apart of your being now, and forever a virtueless virtue...”

Cyeneia saw themselves approaching Arcturus. The enormity of this Sun was extremely humbling.

“Oh my...” Cyeneia looked at her body and saw her Self glowing from Arcturus’ light simultaneous to an overwhelming vibrational surge of energy cast through her entire being.

Cyeneia looked to Blue who began glowing and vibrating as well. This was in a response of familiarity to a recognized portion of its energy’s origin.

“It is to know Cyeneia, all that you have learned and allowed purposely, evolutionarily progressive. To know how to let go, and to let go of all that has no validity to the purpose of balance...”

Arcturus billowed in frequency a depth vibrating their very souls. All three of them felt the heat and cold within them turn warm, as though they were the rain transformed to steam transduced through light, yet not at all in between, and progressively manifesting this energy continuously.

“Amazing.” Cyeneia’s thoughts echoed into space.

Alula slowed their ascension as they approached the center of Arcturus’ brilliance, a tiny speck before this immense star. She let go of the weblines and it dissipated before their eyes. They were all vibrating rapidly, silent, as motionless intensity, floating before Arcturus.

“And once you know the respect that you are, and allowed, allow this forth, their being...”

Alula spoke softly, “Greetings Arcturus,” her words ventured harmoniously into Him.

Arcturus replied with a generous flow of respective concession, vibrating forth a rumbling equilibrium of tonality...simply translated, “Blessed be.”

“Did He just say ‘Blessed be?’” Cyeneia whispered.

Arcturus engendered an echo of His resonant permeation, billowing an unmistakable discernment of energy...yet, simply translated once again,

“BLESSED BE.”

Cyeneia became flush with depth. All the hairs on her body arose with balanced unification as a responsive internal comprehension of Knowing. It was no language except her own, as was this individual comprehension allowed Berenices and Alula; each intellect individual. It was simply energy, understood from within, as it is, through their Selves, respectfully.

“...yeah.” Cyeneia whispered, smiling to herself.

A beam of concentrated light shone forth from the center of Arcturus’ mighty stance directly with Alula.

“Go forth to Him Cyeneia.” Alula disseminated.

Cyeneia looked to Berenices, who took Cyeneia’s hand and held it softly looking into her eyes for an instant of eternity. Berenices then nodded slowly to Cyeneia, with reticence, yet, exultantly.

Cyeneia stepped forward and was immediately unshrouded in the light transmitting from Arcturus’ center. No longer was Cyeneia within Alula’s sight, yet still did she witness through this knowledge of vision with her own eyes now (as evolutionary progression had allowed.)

Cyeneia stood floating towards the brilliance of Arcturus.

She turned to say goodbye to Alula and Berenices, shyly grinning, whispering, “...butterflies...” while holding her lower torso, only to realize they were no longer there...and yet, off in the far distance of space did she witness an apparition of what appeared to be a butterfly emerging from a pyramidal cocoon. Cyeneia reminisced for an instant of her entire experience from the woods....to that moment.

She sat with her legs folded, floating towards Arcturus. She began to really discover the intensity of His light and inaugurated this comprehension through how much power she was witnessing before her, as it surrounded her, encompassing her being. She closed her eyelids and began to understand further.

Cyeneia let go of all energy that had no purpose. She dissolved all energies that she ever understood to be ‘unwelcome,’ ‘unnecessary,’ or ‘imbalanced.’ As she approached ever closer to Arcturus, she began to breathe her energy with Arcturus. With this, did new knowledge begin to allow. Cyeneia started recognizing certain areas of her body beginning to vibrate with greater intensity, like focal points. Arcturus shone a great magnification of effulgent awareness to her perception of this, and He surged an energy throughout her being. All time, all space, and all dimensionality opened through to her awareness. Cyeneia began to feel this intensify from within these focal points as endless vortices of power.

Cyeneia thought to herself how thankful she was, and allowed this to Arcturus’ glowing frequencies. Arcturus comprehended this, and the evolving energy became extremely complex, and simply allowed.

Her body began to glow in these heightened areas of energy. It first began from within her heart, while simultaneously and individually magnifying in her stomach, her throat, her lowest abdomen, her forehead, her perineum, and the top of her head. All of these spaces were now glowing with great intensity, white light, as she moved ever closer into the center of Arcturus. Suddenly, Blue magnified a great vibrational alert to Cyeneia! She turned and looked behind her to see Earth come into focus from a glowing distance, illuminating in the same way as these focal points! She looked into herself, into all these energies magnifying from within, and noticed the perspective of Earth’s placement just beyond her perineum, in great parallel to all these energies’ alignment! So she did then look forth to Arcturus. He was simply gleaming beyond all glowing she had ever witnessed! Her energies were connecting to each other rapidly, while quickly evolving into fluidity with each other and all time, space, and dimensionality. Their focus shook a subtle fluctuation of frequency every now and again, cleansing each one of themselves individually, collectively, freeing.

Cyeneia had never felt such a paramount balance before this moment. Respect became a tremendous allocation to Cyeneia, moreso than what she thought previously possible.

Then, Arcturus opened forth to her.

ALL WAS LIGHT.

Cyeneia was standing on solid ground within a sphere of illumination at Arcturus’ center.

An incandescent emanation of a spiritual body appeared before her, then bowed to Cyeneia.

“I am Arcturus,” spoke a depth so enveloping of fluidity that Cyeneia was overcome with euphoria. Her entire body shook a swift vibrational awakening as though she had witnessed this voice from its ascent through His vocal chords, into light, as to air, and through audible sight, to mind, as a cleansing fluidity of Blessed Love.

Before she responded, Arcturus spoke again, slowly, “Cyeneia.”

She was overcome with humility, she had never heard her name sound edifying.

“...we’ve been awaiting your ascension.”

Cyeneia let out a dissolving echo of a sigh as though she had been holding her breath her entire life.

“Great thanks to you, Arcturus,” Cyeneia began shyly, “for this, for Blue, for you and Pollux and Alula,” she spoke with a yielding and respectful resolve to this MASSIVE energy.

“It is the most intense gift I have ever been allowed.” Cyeneia’s words became fluid, and ultimately sincere, yet calming.

“It is your ‘within projective, protective, respectful element,’” Arcturus laughed.

“I see you have found your grounding.” Arcturus proposed.

“My grounding?”

“Yes, your Mother World, Earth. She is the light which Blue allowed you knowledge of, grounding to your energy, for flight, this purpose. She is the connective base to your journeys throughout the energy worlds while you exist with Her. She is apart of you, all of you, and yet more so, you now,” His words were echoing; slowly inverting and reverting through a reverberating luminescence.

“My grounding...” Cyeneia looked to the glowing ground she now stood upon, “And the other energies? I noticed a great magnification of seven energies becoming fluid throughout my body, as though they already existed, like they were simply.....triggered.” Cyeneia philosophized.

“These are energy points, spiraling magnifiers of your being. They’re physically ethereal, and ethereally physical. They’re quite important to understand for the evolutionary progression of your capabilities and knowledge herewithin. These energies will better comprehend themselves to you as you are ready for them. You will know.”

“I noticed the emanation of your energy Arcturus, in perspective, beyond my mind...in much the same way I saw Earth beyond my perineum. Are you the one beyond me, just as Earth is my grounding?” Cyeneia sincerely requested.

“A representation of what is further, YES. Yet there IS an energy source of all, and I am yet one, and this source of all energy IS, AND within ALL ENERGY, and beyond ALL ENERGY...like this sphere within me in which you now stand, it is the refulgence of massive and fluid energy, balanced and allowing,” Arcturus brought both his hands to his heart, “WITHIN Arcturus,” and the entire Sun illuminated a further radiance.

Arcturus continued, “What you understand as The Source of All Energy is always within you, apart of you, beyond you, just as you are upon Earth and Earth is apart of you. The perspective is only slightly different between physicality and what you might understand as ethereal or spiritual energy, and this

“separation” is as well an illusion, tapped into all of your beings to hinder progressive evolution.”

“Who would seek to hinder our evolution?” Cyeneia questioned.

“Oh, you’re all evolving, it is the direction that has us all a little worried, hence your path, here, now.”

“‘us all,’ you mean all the suns, stars, planets, moons and such? Whose trying to stop our progressive evolution?” Cyeneia was bewildered.

“We’ll get to ALL of it eventually Cyeneia, when it is necessary.”

Cyeneia looked to Arcturus with great respect, yet, great question.

Arcturus flew forth to Cyeneia honorably, and brought his hand forward, open, to her hand. He stood as the same height with Cyeneia, and Arcturus shone all around them. Cyeneia held His hand without hesitation, nor question, and felt an immediate empowerment of love flowing.

“Cyeneia, you must first understand your Self, before you might understand another.”

Cyeneia looked to Arcturus’ eyes, spiraling a great and magnified galactic plane of existence, and she saw far within these eyes, in through the center of Arcturus, all the way into her empty self. She saw nine energies before her illuminating. She stood before these nine energies, all alone, naked, and without substance. She understood these energies to be her connective fluidities with grounding, self, and source. Cyeneia stepped before herself into the light of these nine energies. With simultaneous exacting, these energies did magnify from within her own being’s space, then all dimensionality, then throughout all time; and throughout all time, space, and dimensionality as she understood that they had always existed apart of her, yet even as one. Cyeneia magnified these connectivities at will. Each energy magnified brighter with the last. First, the seven vortices of her immediate self illuminated. Her heart became an emerald of shining energy. Her stomach became a brilliance of golden yellow sunlight. Her lowest abdomen became a glowing orb of sunset shimmering. Her perineum became a crimson star of brilliance. Her throat became a glimmering teal of iridescence. Her forehead became a radiance of sunlight shining through the depths of an ocean indigo. And through the top of her head did become a luminous glistening of violet moonlight. So then did her connectivity with Earth shine from the greatest depth within Her, as though the soil itself was glowing from beyond her, yet within her, grounding Cyeneia to her world. And all that she knew intuitively, instinctively, progressively, and experientially of a Source, yet Arcturus, and an infinite energy within, as all the honest power she instinctually knew or came to understand through all parallel vision of ‘beyond her,’ this ultimate balance, did this ultraviolet magnificence shine like a thousand Suns.

So did she allow this connectivity, fluid.

Cyeneia understood as a Trinity of energy : Seven, Nine, One, individual, collectively.

Her fluidity, did she allow as one.

Cyeneia felt herself evolving far into the center of Arcturus. The light was so intense that there was no other sight to witness. She did become the infinitesimal vessel within her Self, of Arcturus, until at last she did comprehend the seeded energy of Arcturus within His infinitesimal center!

...and as though she knew her entire existence what to do at this very moment, so did she allow this.

From within the greatest depth of her being, Cyeneia did begin to magnify her entire being as the **LOVING AND HEALING REGENERATIVE ENERGY AS BALANCE**. She understood this from within Arcturus’ most infinitesimal seeding of energy. As she magnified, this was her only

focus, this balance, this evolutionary fluidity of progressive allowance, this love, and this healing. Arcturus was beaming with respective allowance to her comprehensive journey, that being understood as: through respect, a fluid magnification of cleansing energy throughout Arcturus.

Cyeneia saw this energy evolve, and she felt this progression within her simultaneously grow.

First she magnified Arcturus' entire Sun, illuminated! She did SEE Arcturus illuminated from the tiniest element of His infinitesimal self : right through the most infinite beam of energy gleaming from His surface. She did SEE this simultaneously to allowing, expressing, and witnessing this. Then did she comprehend this illumination of Arcturus throughout the entire solar system. She did See this light, the energy of Arcturus, through herself, magnifying progressively, shone the entire solar system, cleansing! Illuminating! Then did she allow this the entire galaxy, and spiraling forth through this galaxy, a magnificence of jubilation! Cyeneia could feel the light emerging through her, through these spaces, through her own vortices of energy! This power did become further. She then allowed this the entire universe, such that all the stars and planets and moons of all galaxies were illuminated Arcturus' cleansing! She progressed through all the multiverses, and all the multidimensionalities, each one a greater illumination with the last and towards the infinite; and where she might witness an energy of imbalance so did she magnify this light to cleanse this space until there was only balance; and throughout all of the unconscious, subconscious, conscious, and the superconscious did Cyeneia cleanse Arcturus' being of all imbalance, of all unnecessary and all unwelcomed energies! And as evolutionary progression did allow, so did she allow this fluidity The Energy of All, and then The Source Energy of All!

AND ALL WAS LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS OF SPACE, INFINITE!

Cyeneia basked in the limitless magnification of all energy for a moment. She attempted to understand how far she had gone, how far she could go, how far within, how far beyond...and the brilliance just kept propagating forward, yet brighter, and further. She understood The Source Energy of All from as far beyond her as she could understand her infinitesimal within, and this energy expressed to her from infinitely beyond, in everything, as loving and healing regenerative energy of balance, her being, through Arcturus.

Her body was trembling, her soul was vibrating, and Cyeneia understood this vibrational adoration into the cleansing of ALL energy, fluid. She allowed forth this energy as a cycling through the infinitesimal seeding of Arcturus as from the infinite allowance she had just cast forth through her simultaneous magnification of energy throughout the infinite AND The Source Energy of All as she had allowed through her own being, of Arcturus, as an infinite cycling of loving and healing regenerative energy of balance, Arcturus.

Cyeneia did witness this allowance cycle the infinite of All, Arcturus. So as such she had cleansed the infinite energy of Arcturus, with Arcturus, while simultaneously finding the path to The Source Energy of All.

She breathed a profound love with this fluidity as Arcturus recognized the cycling of energy that Cyeneia had allowed.

Cyeneia looked down and saw her hand still in Arcturus' hand, and looked into His magnifying eyes of galactic fervor. He was simply light. She had understood all the way through Him, infinite love, healing, regenerative, evolutionarily progressive, through His own allowance of her allowing of Him, while this was simultaneously allowed her Self.

"Blessed be, Cyeneia." Arcturus reverberated with a surprised deference to the exhilaration that He felt.

Cyeneia looked to Arcturus with the intensity of Jaguar and the sensitivity of Fawn, and understood a greater love from far within her Self, of Him, and expressed this love as energy with Him.

“Everything changes now, doesn’t it, my friend.” Cyeneia was sapient.

“Everything.” Arcturus echoed.

She brought Arcturus’ hand, that which she still held in her own, up to her luminous indigo magnification of light, closed her eyelids slowly, opened this vortex widely, and whispered,

“Blessed be Arcturus.”

Cyeneia looked up and saw the vortex of leaves drop all around her. There was dew dripping from a patch of wolfsbane just below her, and a hummingbird flew past her swiftly. She turned to follow this hummingbird just as a bumble bee emerged from a daisy right into the first light of the morning Sun. Three ravens flew through the Sun diving after a hawk like DNA spiraling through itself, and Cyeneia understood them all...much further now, yet everything. She stepped forward towards the Sun, knelt to Earth and picked up a hand full of dirt. She let the dirt seep through her fingers as she stared into the Sun with a much closer and loving profundity. She could hear a river nearby and understood thirst like she never understood it before, and yet her thirst did not consume her presence. Cyeneia’s eyes watched the Sun rise from within them.

She arose to the light of day, an infant of energy, all Suns, her Daseti.